

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
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SONG OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

When the evening shadows gather
O'er the woodland dark and gray,
When the birds have ceased their singing
At the closing of the day;
From the shadow of the forest,
From the valley and the hill,
Comes a song of sweetest music,
Comes the song of whippoorwill;

And my thoughts it carries backward
To the pages of the past,
To the days of happy childhood,
Days too fair and bright to last;
When the world was song and sunshine,
Not a cloud to mar the way,
Not a thought of care or sorrow,
Life a long and peaceful day.

Through the mists of years arises
Faces of the loved and dead,
And the heart thrills with the fancies
Of the days forever sped;
Youthful dreams and youthful visions
Throng around me as of yore,
Memories that fondly linger
Over days to come no more.

So, when spring comes o'er the meadows,
With her beauty, smiles and tears,
Then my thoughts are carried backward
O'er the long and weary years;
And at evening when the shadows
Gather over vale and hill,
Then I listen to the singing—
Singing of the whippoorwill.
—W. G. Park, in Good Housekeeping.

What a Drummer Saw and Thought

COMING on the train from Boneville yesterday I sat behind two boys who were trying to impress me and everyone else in the smoking car with the fact that they were men of the world and fairly desperate characters.

They were between 18 and 20, I should judge, and this age, under proper conditions, represents the full bloom of amateur devilry and foolishness. These boys were not from the country. They were from Boneville, and they affected that superior manner and easy knowledge of the world which come from a long residence in town.

From the moment they came into the car and fell into their seats with smiling abandon they were acting. They wanted everyone to know that they were experienced and reckless young men to whom a journey by railroad was an everyday incident. Perhaps they deceived each other, but they didn't deceive anyone else. Their acting was too labored.

"Say, Ed, have you another cigar there in your pocket?"
"What's the diff if I have?"
"Ain't you goin' to set 'em up to a smoke?"

"Why the dickens didn't you buy some cigars before we started? You might know we can't get no good cigars over at Ransom. They don't keep any kind over there but their regular stogies."

"Oh, rats! Be a sport and set 'em up."

These introductory remarks were made in tones which aroused everyone in the car. An old-time traveling man across the aisle from me had his head down on his grip and was trying to catch a little sleep when the two began. He opened his eyes slowly and shook his head.

"Two more of those train-robbers," he murmured.

Before the train started the two desperados made several allusions to some experience of the night before. They made frequent use of the word "beer" in order to let it be known that they were confirmed drinkers, and, also, they gawgished their loud talk with clumsy swearing.

There are several kinds of profanity, and some of it is not only endurable, but actually enjoyable, if you can disregard the question of morality. A commander urging his soldiers in the madness of battle is not generally blamed if he swears a little. A cowboy handling a broncho, a boss canvasman directing a circus "gang," an impatient man milking a cow in a livery, a freight brakeman who misses a coupling or a bike rider who smashes his wheel ten miles from a repair shop may let out a string of expletives that are simply picturesque in variety and intensity. I don't say that these men are justified in giving vent to their feelings, but I do say that sometimes it is worth going miles to hear them.

But I labor the swearing of the young man who does not know how to swear. He does not swear by impulse or from habit. He has to struggle to accomplish anything, and he is half ashamed of himself at the time. Under such circumstances profanity becomes an appalling wickedness, even to the most hardened "rounder."

As I sat behind those two boys and listened to their noisy discussion of the late orgies and their painful efforts to impress us with their worldliness it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to take those two boys out and have them photographed in their summer suits, with the flashy white felt hats and rainbow cravats, and after that let them talk for about 30 minutes into a phonograph.

Twenty years from now, after they have become seedy and hard-headed married men, with growing children of their own, it would give them cause for reflection if they could take out these photographs and study them and then listen to their own conversation in the phonograph. No doubt they would exclaim: "What spectacular bladders we must have been!"

The two boys on the train were fairly good types. I have seen the same kind of young man in every small town. Sometimes my sense of humanity moves me to appeal to the young man. I feel as if I ought to go up to him and

say: "My dear boy, don't be so desperate. Don't think because you worry your mother that you are really bad. There are thousands of young men in this country who wear their hats pulled forward and their cigars pointed up the same as you have them, and they have the same kind of toothpick shoes and speckled neckties, and they use the current slang just as awkwardly as you do, and are just as far behind on the popular songs. Because you drank two glasses of beer right before last and then sang 'A Hot Time in the Old Town' through the principal streets, that's no sign that you are a person of any importance. Don't hold your shoulders in that position when you walk, and please don't swagger. It's a great effort for you to be tough, and it annoys other people."

I hope that no one will take it that I am "rapping" the small town. I was born and reared in a small town, and nearly all of my friends live in the small towns. All that I wish to do is to call attention to one of the features of town life.

It may be remembered that two weeks ago I wrote something about the girls in the small towns. These girls, as a rule, are lovely and well behaved. Of course, there are a few of the feather-headed variety who want to flirt with every stranger who comes into town, but most of them are essentially all right, and the only fault that I have to find with them is that sometimes they endure the society of the weird young men with the loud voices and the hats over their eyes. It is reasonable to suppose that the girls are hard up for company and have to take the best they can get.

Fortunately for the public good, the bad young man in the small town usually calms down after a certain period. Occasionally it is matrimony that takes the kinks out of him, or it may be that he simply outgrows his foolishness. I should say that the trouble usually begins when the boy first gets out at night. For this reason many parents say that children should never be permitted to run at large after nightfall. When a boy becomes larger than his father and is earning a salary on his own account, however, the parental authority weakens. The boy begins to carry pale cigars in his upper vest pocket and then he learns to walk, and very soon he ceases to explain what is keeping him out at night. The sense of liberty intoxicates him. By constant association with other callow young people who are attempting to acquire all the manly vices he picks up, in a superficial and secondhand way, the



MEN OF THE WORLD.

vocabulary and the mannerism of the flashy element in the city. He has a sudden ambition to wear rakish and "sporty" garments and talk slang. His close friends encourage him, and he comes to believe that he is actually wicked. For some reason he is intensely gratified to know that he is wicked, so he puts himself on exhibition at all hours of the day and night, lest some one should suspect him of being tame and unsophisticated. Until he recovers from the delusions of this "Smart Alec" period there is no living with him. He is not susceptible to argument. He knows more than all the colleges and faculties put together.

The two boys on the train were suffering from "Smart Alecism" in its worst form. My heart bled for them. They were too old to be spanked and not old enough to be guided by the light of reason. Their chief joy in life seemed to be that they were on speaking terms with the brakeman. I wondered if I had ever been as tough as they were and as happy in the knowledge of my toughness. I hope not.

"The Drummer," in Chicago Record.

Old "Nassau" Hall.

In 1758, one year before the death of Gov. Jonathan Belcher, that dignitary presented his library to Princeton college. In gratitude for the gift the trustees requested that they might be allowed to give his name to the low, venerable building, then being erected, which for so many years has housed the faculty and students of this ancient seat of learning. His excellency declined the proffered distinction. The governor requested that it should be named to "express the honor we retain," to quote his words, "in this remote part of the globe, to the immortal memory of the glorious King William III., who was a branch of the illustrious house of Nassau, and who, under God, was the great deliverer of the British nation from those monstrous furies—popery and slavery." And so it was that the trustees decided that the new collegiate building, "in all time to come," should be called "Nassau Hall."—Story of An Old Farm.

Cheerful Side of Life.

Prosperity was never won by the hand or tongue of a pessimist; look aloft and keep the cheerful side of life in view. A man who goes about with his head cast down and eyes on the ground, may pick up many a nickel, now and then a gold piece, and perhaps some day a bank note; but he misses the great blue sky above, the great green beautiful earth beneath him and the sunlight in the air.

—Detroit Free Press.

STEALING INVENTIONS.

There Is Some Difference Between an Idea and Invention—an Important One.

Some remarks that cannot fail to interest and instruct many readers of this page were made a few days ago at a convention of mechanical engineers by James W. Sec. Some of his other talk on patents and invention, which appealed to manufacturers and lawyers rather than inventors, were valuable, but need not be reproduced here.

"Ideas can be stolen from the originator," said Mr. Sec, "but there is no excuse for inventions being stolen. An idea is not an invention, but is merely a hopeful conception of a possibility. The invention is the possibility reduced to form. Many men have ideas which are mere visions and which never can be given form by anybody; other men have ideas which they would be incapable of reducing to form themselves, but which could be reduced to form by others if the idea was disclosed. The mere hint or idea is of no benefit to the public, and is not the thing which the law seeks to reward. The useful invention is the thing which is recognized."

"It is quite common when a meritorious inventor has got his patent to bear numerous men say: 'He stole that from me,' when the fact was there was nothing to steal, no invention, but merely an idea."

"The law rewards him who accomplishes something instead of him who merely suggests the desirability of a certain accomplishment. Regardless of who first conceives of the desirability of an invention, he who actually makes the invention first is the one entitled to a reward. The idea of an invention, followed by occasional and half-hearted attempts to reduce the thing to the form of an invention, will not prevail against the meritorious inventor, who, though later to conceive the idea, or even borrow it, is the first to reach the goal of practical accomplishment which benefits the world."

"But if an inventor has gone further than the idea, and has developed it into an invention, then the only way he can lose his rights is to keep it secret, so that he cannot prove that he had any rights. The originator of an invention who has reduced it to an actual, useful invention, and can prove that fact, cannot be deprived of his rights. A competing inventor may meet him in the patent office with an application, or the competing inventor may actually get his patent before the meritorious inventor has applied for his patent, but if the facts are susceptible of proof the meritorious inventor, after proper interference proceedings, will be adjudged his rights and will get his patent, and the patent of his competitor will be practically void."—N. Y. Tribune.

SPANISH MONEY ITCH.

An Instance Which Shows Its Prevalence During the Civil War in This Country.

Capt. Bullock, in his "Secret Service of the Confederate States," tells of the freeing of the confederate ram Stonewall from the complications attendant on her release from the French shipyard where she was built; how she was watched by the agents of the federal government; how she was again followed to Denmark, whither she went under the Danish flag; how she was again followed to Ferrol, Spain, by the United States ships Niagara and Sacramento; how she eluded them and sailed for the United States with the intention of attacking the federal ships, being then the most formidable iron-clad afloat.

When the Stonewall, under command of Capt. Page, reached Havana, in May, 1865, Page learned of Lee's surrender and the capture of Jefferson Davis. Capt. Page opened negotiations with the Spanish authorities for the surrender of the ship if they would advance the money to pay the crew. After five minutes' conversation the captain general asked what sum was required. Page replied \$16,000. The captain general said: "You had better make it \$100,000." Capt. Page replied that his orders were to make it \$16,000. The captain general then turned to an official and bade him write a document, and then, turning again to Page, said: "Shall we not make it \$50,000?" But Page obeyed orders and accepted only \$16,000.

It was quite evident that the captain general was attempting to get the confederate naval officer to ask for \$100,000 when he needed only \$16,000, the difference to be divided. When the confederate officer refused to accept more than the amount needed, the captain general concluded that the American was a fool, and charged up \$100,000 to the Spanish government, and put \$84,000 in his own pocket.—N. Y. World.

Speed in Collisions.

Cows used to throw trains off the track, because the engineers, in a panic, blew down brakes and equalized chances. In these latter days, asserts an eastern writer, a whole herd of cows could not harm a train. If a thousand were to get in the way of a locomotive the engineer would "pull her wide open" and go scooting through. When the captain of the Paris sought to reassure his passengers on the last trip from England he said, with much nonchalance: "Under full headway the Paris can cut through 15 warships." That was a slight exaggeration, of course, but experience has proved more than once that safety in a collision at sea depends on the speed of the moving body. A steamer of 10,000 tons displacement traveling 20 knots an hour goes through an ordinary vessel like a hot knife through butter, escaping without a scratch.—Kansas City Journal.

No Necessity.

Tenreck—Hullo, Henpeck! Haven't seen you at the club lately?
Henpeck—No. My wife's away.—Harlem Life.



Her Popularity.

"I can't see why that Perkley girl is so popular with the fellows. She could dispense with at least half a dozen beaux and still have more than her just share left. Don't you think she is very ordinary looking?"
"She isn't beautiful; but, say, she has a glorious way of telling a fellow that he's just the greatest little man on earth. You can't help thinking that she really means every word of it."—Chicago Daily News.

Department Store Patriotism.
"If my men go off to war I will pay them all galore!"
And with patriotic tears his eyes were swimmin'.
But his "men" with hems and haws never started off because
More than ninety-nine per cent. of them were women.
—Judge.

A GENTLE HINT TAKEN.



Dolly (left alone with visitor for a few minutes)—I've got a money box, but we're not allowed to ask for pennies.—Moonshine.

Payment Desired.
The world owes us all a living—
In this I'm a firm believer.
But my own situation leads me to ask
The appointment of a receiver.
—Brooklyn Life.

Financial Side of Surgery.
Patient—Doctor, \$500 is too much to pay for a little surgical operation like that.

Doctor—But think of the responsibility. Suppose I had made a slip and caused your death, what then?
Patient—You would have charged the estate \$1,000, I suppose.—Harlem Life.

Not Quite Exempt.
"Well, then," said the doctor, "as I understand your arguments, you think if we didn't have any microbes we wouldn't have any sickness?"
"I didn't say exactly that, doctor," replied the caller; "you know we would still have the doctors."—Yonkers Statesman.

Well Qualified.

Examiner—Want to enlist as nurse to Cuba, eh? Had any experience with the sick and wounded?
Fair Applicant—Have I? Well, now! I've four brothers, everyone of 'em a scorcher, and pa shaves himself with a safety razor.—Town Topics

In the Art Gallery.

Nephew Jack (of New York)—That, uncle, is Napoleon Bonaparte—the man whom the duke of Wellington got the best of.
Uncle Porkenlard (of Chicago)—Darn them foreign noblemen, anyway!—how much did he lend him?—Puck.

Where It Draws the Line.
Oh, a cycle is strong and will caper along
With a three-hundred pounder bestride it;
It will bear a big load on most any old road,
But you can't carry much liquor and ride it.
—A. A. W. Bulletin.

LOST HALF THE FUN.



Humphrey—How do you like the ole bloke's smokes?
Snitchee—They're rotters; I've smoked arf a box on 'em and ain't bin sick yet.—Ally Sloper.

The Alternative.

Fate brings, with strange, malevolent craft,
One sorrow or another.
You catch cold when you're in a draft,
And when you're out you smother.
—Washington Star.

The Difference.

Philanthropist—Poor fellow! you say your wife never comes to see you? That makes my blood boil.
Prisoner—And it would make my blood freeze if she did, lady. I'm in here fer wife murder, yer know.—Judge.

He Was the Man.

Caller—Can I see your typewriter a few minutes?
Business Man—She's engaged, sir.
"That's all right, sir. I'm the fellow."
—N. Y. Truth.

Regarding His Masters.

She—Why can't a man serve two masters?
He—He'd be arrested for bigamy.—Up to Date.

A Good Way.

Browne—How can I get a large bill for some small ones?
Towne—Go to law.—Up to Date.

Too Eloquent by Far.

Counsel for the defense had pleaded with such earnest and pathetic eloquence on behalf of his client, who stood charged with pocket-picking, that the audience was moved to tears, and the prisoner himself was rubbing his eyes with a silk handkerchief. At that moment the barrister, happening to glance in his direction, suddenly stopped in his speech and exclaimed: "Why, the rascal is using my handkerchief!"—Tit-Bits.

She Knew.

"No," she said, "you don't really love me."
"Yes, I swear I do," he protested. "I love you with all my soul. I would ask you to be my wife to-morrow if I were properly situated."

But his plea was useless. She had studied human nature, and knew that when a man is really in love he doesn't stop to consider whether he can afford to marry or not.—Cleveland Leader.

Pa Probably Taught Her.

A little girl, who attends a Maine public school, has quite an idea of nobility, as was evidenced by her reply to her teacher. The class had been reading about the king's family. The teacher, wishing to inculcate the correct idea of royal descent, said: "Now, children, if the king and queen had a son, what would he be?" "The Jack," was the quick response.—Rockland (Me.) Star.

Managing a Boy.

Mrs. Springs—How careful your little boy is of his health! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather, without overcoat or overshoes, no matter what I say. How do you manage?

Mrs. Briggs—When my boy catches cold I give him cod liver oil.—N. Y. Weekly.

The War Proposal.

See in the ranks one happy man—
It is not hard to find him;
She has just answered she would be
The girl he left behind him.
—Chicago Record.

HIS FIRST WASH.



Wearily Walks—Say, Grimes, what's Rusty Ruler been doin'? He looks like another feller.

Grimes—Why, he was crossin' a stream down the road yesterday and fell in.—Boston Herald.

A Bachelor Cynic.

In early marriages I believe,
There is always excuse for folly in youth.
But for later ones I can only grieve,
And this is my reason, to tell the truth,
—Up to Date.

Complimenting Him.

I must give you credit for having remarkably light bread," said the housewife.

"We try to keep it so," replied the baker.
"And you succeed. It is so light that it goes up in price a great deal easier than it ever goes down."—Washington Star.

A Prohibition State.

Hungry Hoggarty (after eating)—
Lady, I'm one up de Maine sufferers.
Mrs. Newed—Is it possible? How did you escape?
Hungry Hoggarty—On a hog train. Why, say, yer can't git a drink in dat state fer love er money.—Up to Date.

Saved His Life.

Saidso—When I was so terribly ill I had a trained nurse.
Herdso—Do you think she saved your life?
Saidso—I guess she did; the doctor quit in disgust.—Harlem Life.

Early Suspensions.

He—When did she begin to fear that he had married her for her money?
She—Well, I believe her suspicions were first aroused when she had to fee the minister.—Brooklyn Life.

Business Stimulus.

Now the weather man is happy,
And rejoices in his lot.
For he reads the war dispatches,
Then gets up and makes things hot.
—Chicago Record.

AND NOW HE IS SORRY.



Peck Henry—That sad-faced man over there looks as though he had loved, but lost.

Henry Peck—No. He loved and won.—Boston Herald.

For insomnia, a cloth wrung out of ice-cold water, and laid across the eyes.

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In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.

Lve Frankfort.....	6:30am	8:00pm
Arr Elk Horn.....	6:45am	8:15pm
Arr Elkhorn.....	6:55am	8:25pm
Arr Stamping Ground.....	7:05am	8:35pm
Arr Duval.....	7:15am	8:45pm
Arr Georgetown.....	7:25am	8:55pm
Lve Georgetown.....	8:00am	9:30pm
Arr Newtontown.....	8:15am	9:45pm
Arr Centerville.....	8:25am	9:55pm
Arr Elizabethtown.....	8:35am	10:05pm
Arr Paris.....	8:45am	10:15pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris.....	9:30am	5:30pm
Arr Elizabethtown.....	9:45am	5:45pm
Arr Centerville.....	9:55am	5:55pm
Arr Newtontown.....	10:05am	6:05pm
Arr Georgetown.....	10:15am	6:15pm
Arr Duval.....	10:25am	6:25pm
Arr Stamping Ground.....	10:35am	6:35pm
Arr Centerville.....	10:45am	6:45pm
Arr Elizabethtown.....	10:55am	6:55pm
Arr Paris.....	11:05am	7:05pm

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